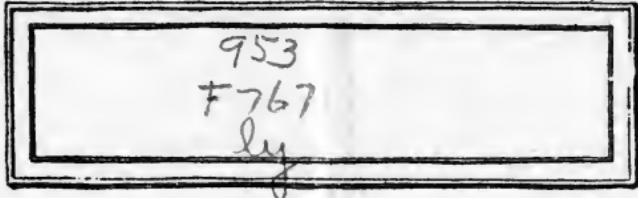
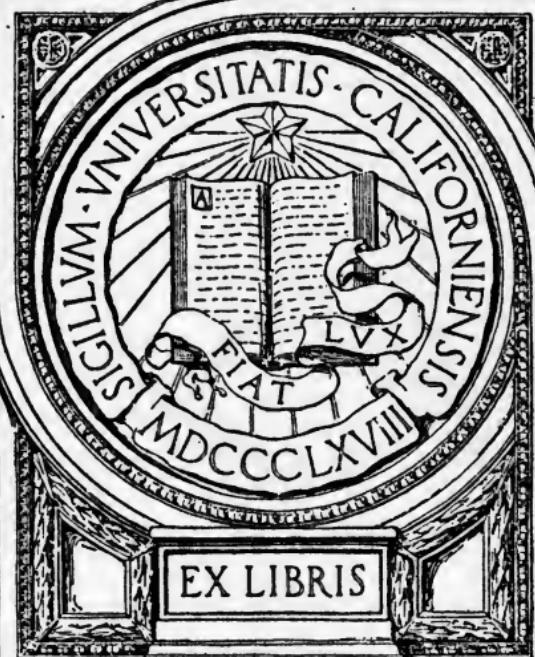
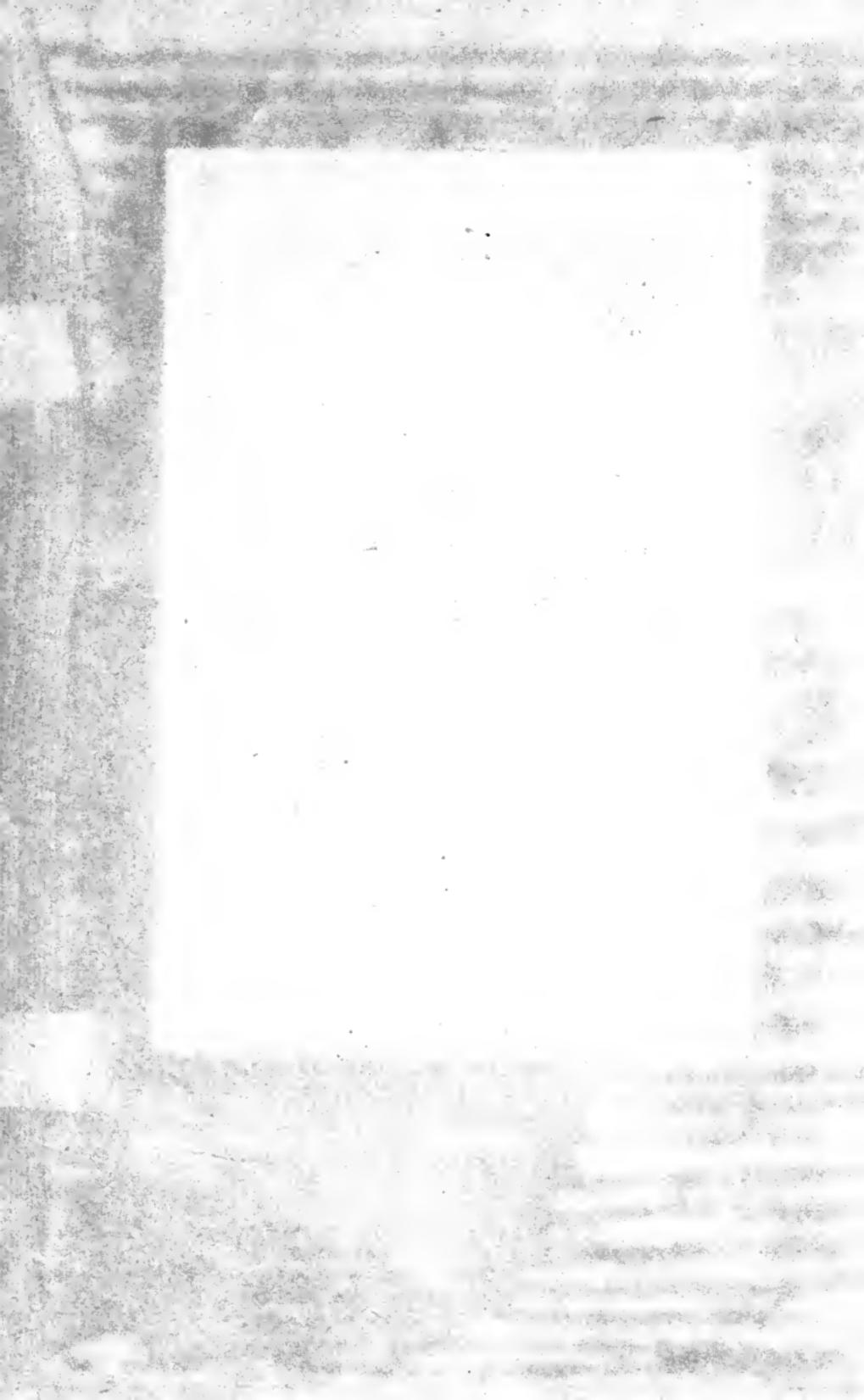


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LYRICS OF WAR AND PEACE

BY

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'HISTORY OF THE LANGOBARDS', 'DOROTHY DAY'
'MASTERPIECES OF THE MASTERS OF FICTION'
'SOME LOVE SONGS OF PETRARCH,'
ETC.



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IN WAR TIME

IN WAR TIME

Fall, silent Snow

FALL, silent snow, from out the pitying sky
And hide our guilty world ! Cover them all—
The corpses that in reeking trenches lie—
The Belgian, the Briton and the Gaul,
Teuton and Slav ; fall softly then and deep
On ruined home and blasted field and wood ;
To thy cold pillow let the wounded creep,
Till Death at last brings peace—and brother-
hood !

O couldst thou hide despair ! Couldst thou but
stay
The pangs of famine ! Couldst thou still the cry
Of desolate mothers, couldst thou but allay
The widow's grief and hush the maiden's sigh
O'er broken hopes ! How many a winter's snow
Must fall ere time shall heal this universal woe !

Night Thoughts

THROUGH the long night I tossed ; the drums of
war

Hammered upon my heart ; the winter wind
Cried out for vengeance upon those who bore
The guilt of this great crime against mankind ;
What was it for ? What destiny malign,
What thirst for empire, boundless power and
fame

Could unto hopeless ruin thus consign
The innocent and set the world aflame ?
How will it end ? What prophet shall foretell
The dire reprisals and the final doom ;
And they who opened wide this fiery hell,
When shall they leap into the flaming tomb ?
In what far heaven doth the Almighty keep
His thunderbolts ? Where doth His justice sleep ?

To the New Year

O YEAR unborn ! what hell thine eyes must see
When they unclose ! Thy snowy mantle red
With precious life blood flowing aimlessly
Thro' the deep trenches and around the dead !
What blasts of bursting shells shall smite thine
ear !
What groans attend the anguish of thy birth !
What drum-beats, smothering cries of pain and
fear,
Roll their loud curses o'er the shivering earth !
Forth from thy snows what blackened ruins rise
Of wasted cities with their battered walls,
Of tall cathedral spires that pierced the skies,
Of thatch-roofed cottages and stately halls,
By war's wild fury shattered, wrecked and torn—
And one short week ago the Prince of Peace was
born !

Lo ! Summer cometh

Lo ! summer cometh through her emerald gate
With life renewed in flower and bird and tree,
And love hath made all things articulate,
And filled the world with joy and melody.
Yet over all these smiling fields of green
Hate, the destroyer, reigns, and mine and shell
Burst from the earth and sea and sky serene,
And myriads perish in a flaming hell !
Nature would stretch her loving hand to save,
And lift her voice to comfort every cry ;
The turf is green that grows on many a grave,
And blossoms clothe the fields where heroes lie ;
But in despairing hearts what summer's bloom
Shall hide with flowers of hope this universal
tomb ?

The Rain

Is it the battle's vapours that have spread
Their curtain o'er the crystal of the sky,
Till the thick clouds that hung above the dead
Have shrouded all the world's immensity ?
Week upon week the tireless rains descend,
And field and wood are covered with the gloom ;
The sullen hours drag on that have no end
Like evil omens of a general doom.
'Tis vain, O sun, to turn thine eye away
From fields of slaughter. Though the clouds
may hide
The shame and horror, yet they cannot stay
The onward sweep of war's remorseless tide ;
Shine forth and cheer a world by conflict torn,
Till peace shall dawn at last upon some happier
morn.

Vae Victis

Woe to the vanquished ! Let them perish all !
Both men and nations ! Life is for the strong
And not for weaklings ! Smite them till they fall !
Justice is dead ; there is no right nor wrong !
Woe be to those whose innocence alone
Is all their armour, for the conqueror's sword
Shall desolate their land and they shall groan
Under the stern rule of an alien lord.
My country ! Thou art strong and great of soul,
But sleeping, and thy sword is put away ;
Awake ! what hostile drum-beats round thee roll,
What foes may crush thee or what friends
betray !
Arise ! while war's red gospel fires the sky,
Shalt thou alone all undefended lie ?

Remorse

THEY sent us forth to search the town. 'Spare
neither child nor man,
Woman nor any living thing'—'twas thus the
order ran.
I entered a low dwelling, I climbed the humble
stair,
I searched in vain ; there was no voice, no footfall
anywhere.
I turned to go ; a curtain moved ! behind it was
a child ;
A blue-eyed boy by the window stood and looked
at me and smiled.
I thought to leave him there unharmed. How
could a father kill
The helpless thing that trusted him and had no
thought of ill ?
But then the soldier's duty spoke, 'A soldier must
obey,
'Tis not for him to pity when the order is to
slay.'

I shot the boy ! I hear to-day his wild despairing
cries,

I see the look he gave me from those clear reproach-
ful eyes.

Where'er I go that memory is ever at my side,
And even in the silent grave the vision will abide.

BEYOND THE SEAS

C

BEYOND THE SEAS

To Pompeii

As is the face of one but newly slain—
All motionless, yet filled with seeming life,
With lips half parted and with eyes astrain,
And cheeks yet red with anger of the strife ;
Thus, stricken city ! through these buried years,
Thy death-cloth drawn away, thou art revealed
As one just fall'n ; thy passions and thy fears
As keenly marked as when thy fate was sealed.
On the soft breast that hid those fires below,
Thy luxury reclined, but all the art
That Greece did with her delicate hand bestow
To deck thy beauty, could not change thy heart,
Which still confesses, in this tainted dust,
Thy greed, oppression, cruelty and lust.

To Italy

FAIR land, all hearts are captive unto thee !
Thy casket holdeth every jewel rare
Wherewith God decks the world ; thy golden
air
Laden with languid joy ; the sapphire sea
That doth enfold thy shores ; the mystery
Of opalescent clouds above the green
Of emerald hills with crystal lakes between ;
Thy peaks, ice crowned in glittering majesty !
Nor nature fair alone, but history
With every scene her subtle charm doth twine,
Doth fill each grove with some bright memory,
And in each wall some precious deed enshrine
While we are bound in the soft witchery
Of beauty, music, song and art divine !

Valsolda's Voices

THEplash of ripples on the garden wall ;
The chime of distant bells ; the whirr of wings ;
The warbling of the wren ; the cuckoo's call ;
The lark's clear notes when to his mate he
sings ;
The sparrows' chatter ; and when all is still,
From the dark thicket, the melodious song
Of nightingales which the soft air doth fill,
And deep into the day its strains prolong ;
The chorus on the water far away ;
The rustle of the palm that would beguile
The sighing airs which through the cypress stray—
On sounds like these the listening heavens smile !
Into that silent blue the white peaks rise,
And here I sit, and this is Paradise !

By Valsolda

LOVE, we have travelled far together and we have
seen many things,
We have bestirred us from morning until night in
search of novelties—
Paintings by the masters, sculptures of ancient
days,
Churches and palaces and gardens that filled our
eyes with wonder,
Castles upon lofty heights and cities with many
towers and battlements.
Now let us rest awhile and fill our souls with one
scene only ;
It is a scene incomparable, let us fix it in our
memories for ever ;
The same, yet changing, with light and shade
alternate ;

Mountains heavy with clouds and then rejoicing
in a sunlight that seems eternal ;
A lake now slumbering, now foaming, now rippling
with laughter ;
Green climbing hills with villages clinging to their
sides
And rugged peaks above them ; vineyards and
terrace walls
Moss-covered and with cactus crowding through
the crannies ;
Flowers everywhere and a quiet air yet over-
flowing with the harmonies of birds ;
Tall cypress sentinels to guard the churchyards
and the dwellings,
And to watch over the magnolias and palmettoes.

Such, too, has been the landscape of the days that
we have lived together ;
Peaks of aspiration that glistened in the sunshine,
and anon were covered by clouds ;
The waters of life, now calm, now stirred to fury;
now laughing in the breeze ;

Clinging companionships like those vines and
villages ; some weeds too that have grown in
the crannies,

But over all the beautiful heaven filled with
songs of birds,

And the green around us and the flowers and the
cypress that shall guard our bodies at the
end.

Moods

'Tis dawn. The clouds hang low upon the hills.
The lake is leaden—not a breath to stir
The tiniest wave. A heavy silence fills
All space. The grey world is a sepulchre !

Now the breeze flutters, and blue isles of light
Steal through the grey. Alternate sun and shade
Fleck the crisp waters, scale the mountain height,
Sport on the crag and gambol through the glade !

The clouds are gone ; and in the glittering sheen
Of morning sunlight, Spring, a jewelled bride ;
With flowers and songs of birds and tender green
Of wood and meadow, draws her veil aside !

And look ! far off where white peaks pierce the
sky !
'Tis there earth touches immortality !

LUGANO, May 1, 1913.

Among the Alps

ONCE more among the mountains ! Hither still
 My old love calls and memories replete
With rapture of the crags I scaled. What thrill
 Of conquest, with the whole world at my feet !—
The start before the dawn ; the rapid climb
 Through the green meadows, up the rocks and
 snow
Under the starlight, where in ranks sublime
 Those great white giants stand. Now far below
The tinkling bells grow faint, I hear no more
 The rush of water ; silence like the tomb,
An Alpine silence, falls ; the mountains hoar
 Stand still and wait till dawn shall break the
 gloom ;
Till passionate sunbeams pierce the rosy flush,
And the pale peaks greet their lovers with a blush !

Now the pink light is creeping softly down
Those giant folds till the thick morning haze
That lies like fleece on valley, field and town
Doth slowly melt beneath the warming rays !
The clouds below me break ; islands of green
Come peering forth and wide and wider grow
Till woodland, lake and river in the sheen
Of the clear morning sunlight smile and glow.
Day has awakened ; on the lonely peak
Where I did greet its coming, blistering rays
Flash keen across the snow. Now down ! and
seek
A timely shelter on those perilous ways
Where tumbling masses crash and the dull roar
Of the avalanche chills the spirit to its core.

LOVE AND LIFE

LOVE AND LIFE

In Absentia

IN what strange ether move those waves of light
Between thy heart and mine ? What spirit air
Quivers with thy dear voice, both day and night,
In dreams and waking hours ? Thy silken hair
Lies loose in shining waves for my caresses ;
The eyes that rest on mine are passing fair
The while I toy with those soft rippling tresses.

I hear thee, see thee, touch thee. Can it be
Thou art so far and that the words I hear
Have spread their wings over the land and sea
Ere they alighted on my eager ear ?
That what I see is but the picture fair
That fancy fashions when it turns to thee ?
That what I touch is but the image rare
That blissful memories have wrought for me ?

What love unspeakable thy smiles do tell !

 What floods of passion through thy bright eyes
 stream !

Surely in some diviner sphere we dwell,

 We two alone, with all the world a dream !

August 1, 1914.

The Return

SOFTLY she entered through the open door.

I looked upon her, and it was the sun
Shining on all the world ! I looked once more,
And lo ! a rose ! and like it there was none !
A fair white rose that glistened with the dew !
Then a low voice with music filled my heart
And veiled mine eyes in tears. Could it be true,
And was she there indeed ? Why did we part ?
At last the days of absence all were o'er !
Then the warm kiss, the hand upon my brow,
The quiet talk of what had gone before;
And all the things that we alone did know !
In that low murmur and that fond caress
What an eternity of happiness !

In Yosemite

AH-WAH-NE's gentle vale is lying low
Deep at the foot of many a hoary hill,
Across her face the breezes come and go
And visions not of earth the senses fill—
The mountain, mirrored in the lake serene—
The giant cliff that rears its crest on high—
The stream that winds through wood and meadow
green—
The crystal torrent, leaping from the sky !
Yet lovelier than the mountain or the stream,
Or the soft airs that through the woodland
stray,
Were those dear eyes that made the world a dream
And the low voice that stole my heart away.
Methought each waterfall and rock and tree
Did homage to that bright divinity.

The Vision of Daphnis

THERE is a voice that charms me while I dream,
A face that bends above me in my sleep,
And rippling tresses touch me that do seem
Woven of sunbeams. Then from slumber deep
I waken, but the radiant vision still
Bides at my side, a woman's perfect form
Instinct with gracious life. A joyous thrill
Mantles her cheek with red, her breath is warm,
Her eyes are tender ; now her lips press mine
And murmur low sweet words, while a white arm
Doth round my neck in close embracement twine
As though to shelter me from care and harm.
Nor is our love the passion of a day,
But long hath been and shall be ours alway

Sapphics

Then had Aeneas perished, King of men,
Had not Jove's daughter, Venus, quick perceived
His peril imminent.

Cowper's *Iliad*, v. 360.

WET with white foam-flakes and with dew of
morning,

Breathing forth desire from their eager nostrils,
Stand the steeds, fire-eyed, and with feet im-
patient ;

Aching for combat.

All around were hosts of the stern Achaians,
All around were hosts of the valiant Trojans,
While above were gathered the gods of heaven ;
Silence was on them.

Silence deep and dread as when clouds of heaven
Roll together, pause for the fiery combat,
Pause, ere red flames flash and the crash of
thunders

Shivers the darkness.

Rings the loud lash ! Wild as the waves of ocean
Leap those flaming steeds, as a hungry tiger,
Crouched long time in rushes and grass, in silence
Leaps on his victim.

Now Aeneas, flushed with the dawn of battle,
Joyful speeds to cope with the brave Tydides ;
Him he spied afar, in his might rejoicing,
Smiting the Trojans.

Then the heroes, shouting a noise of battle,
Joined in conflict ; high from the earth Tydides
Raised a great rock, hurled it against the Trojan,
Smote him with darkness.

Now Aeneas, fallen to earth, had perished,
Save that Venus, darling of Jove, espied him ;
She, in white arms, gently her dear son lifting,
 Bore him from battle.

Foam-born mother ! so unto us descending,
Worn with toil and labour and dust of battle,
Bear us up on white arms of love, and grant us
 Rest in thy bosom.

Clouds

YES, the smiling clouds are angels,

Angels of the air ;

On the path from earth to heaven

Peri bright and fair.

They are messengers of plenty,

Raining happy harvests down ;

Now they gild the skies of sunset,

Now the hoary hills they crown.

Forms fantastic, visions rare,

Flit and hover ever in the air.

Now they vaunt the pride of armies

Marching with the gale ;

Now they breathe in rainy darkness

Sorrow's plaintive tale ;

Now they come, the moon's attendants,

Following the steps of love ;

Now they speak in gloomy thunders,

Direful wrath of gods above.

Human passions, dark and fair,

Pictured by the angels of the air.

Yonder is a cloudy palace,
Just a minute old—
Roof of pearl and walls of silver,
Pillars bright with gold ;
Now it is a mighty mountain,
Towering tall and grim and high ;
Now, like forms of shadowy dreamland,
All go flitting, flitting by.
Lights of joy and shades of care,
Chasing one another through the air.

Colours rich in cloudy beauty
To the earth are given,
But the brightest hues are cherished
For the eye of Heaven.
Like those angels of the sunlight,
Is the heart of one I love ;
Dear she is to all around her,
Dearer yet to One above.
Sweet to us, yet passing fair
To that keen Eye that searcheth everywhere.

May and October

THRICE blest am I that through the changing
years

No change in love I find ; that the young face
That nestled close upon my breast appears

Fair as when first I saw it. Still the grace
Of every motion charms. Her hair is white—

I love it so. The lines upon her brow—
I see them not. Her eye is just as bright,
Her glance as tender and her voice as low
As when it spoke the words that made us one,

Or when its music sang my heart away
In passionate youth. Nay, our October sun
Is mellower than the richest tints of May.
Her dauntless spirit never can grow cold,
Nor rust of age tarnish a heart of gold.

Darby and Joan

A QUIET face is near me while I write,
And radiates content. We sit alone.
Her fingers ply the needle, skilful, light ;
Anon her eyes seek mine. Our brood has flown,
Yet the days are full of sunshine, aye, too fast
They hasten by, and we full well do know
By our white locks, such bright days cannot last ;
That soon the hour draws near when one must go,
And leave an empty world. The future hides
The riddle that we ask, ‘ Which shall it be ? ’
For bitterer far the lot of him who bides,
A happier fate to sail the unknown sea !
Old comrades we in fair and stormy weather ;
As comrades still, why not leave port together ?

A Tribute

How bright the promise when the trees in spring
Break into bloom, how soon alas to fade !
Some will bear fruit to crown their blossoming,
Some give their foliage and grateful shade ;
Those that with beauty only deck the field,
They are the ones we treasure most of all,
Forgetful of the toilers that will yield
Their generous increase in the coming fall ;
But I know one whose blossoms do not fade,
Whose beauty grows, and all her leaves are fair.
How have I rested in their cooling shade,
And watched them stirring in the summer air ;
And in this golden autumn sunshine, how
The mellow fruit hangs upon every bough !

A Daughter's Love

A HAPPY father thou, when sturdy sons
 In mellowing age a golden youth renew,
In them thy name through generations runs,
 By them achieved, thy early dreams come true.
But happier he whose daughters round him twine
 Their loving arms in his declining years,
And if he smile, their eyes with gladness shine,
 Or if he grieve, their cheeks are wet with tears.
For deeper tenderness hath woman's heart
 For him she loves than son for sire can feel ;
His waning hours she cheers with simple art ;
 And o'er his couch a fragrant breath doth steal
From gentle lips whence no reproaches come,
 And a fond breast where thought of self is dumb.

Laus Deo

How I do bless the hour that gave me birth,
And her who bore me for these happy years,
Filled to the brim with every joy of earth,
Wreathed with its roses, scant alone in tears !
Full life and vigour, lit by golden rays
Of constant friendship ; faithful wife and fair,
Nay, fairer grown in these declining days,
While evening's light streams on her silver hair ;
Children and children's children at her knees
In filial homage ; low soft words of love
Around a warm bright hearth, what more than
these
Can fruitful earth bestow or heaven approve ?
One gift alone God's bounty still can send,
And close a fair life with a peaceful end.

The Humanist

Go, surly anchorite, and crush the flowers ;
Stifle the songs of birds on every bough ;
Strip all the leaves of pleasure from the hours ; .
Walk with a crown of thorns upon thy brow ;
Mumble thy prayers ; look not in woman's eyes ;
With scourge and sackcloth make thy life a hell,
Then claim for this thy place in paradise !
For all thy torments God reward thee well !
Nay, go thy ways—a better part for me !
Filled with the love of beauty like the Greek,
From gloomy fears and superstitions free,
The near delights of earth I fain would seek—
Fair nature's smile, man's fellowship sincere ;
For joy is in my heart, and heaven is here !

Happiness

Two kinds of sorrows vex your lives with care :
Things that you can, and things you cannot
mend.

If you can change them, do it. Why despair ?
If not, then why your days in torment spend ?
For beauty is around you everywhere
In the blue sky or cloud, at noon or night,
And glory fills the heavens, and earth is fair,
Whether its mantle be of green or white.
Whence cometh joy ? On many a pampered son
Nature bestows her richest gifts in vain,
While from some crippled, poor, neglected one
Her songs arise with smiles that banish pain.
The well-spring is within to curse or bless ;
In your own hearts is grief or happiness.

Mothers

THOUGH I had lost my little ones, I tried
 To spin life's thread anew and bring relief
To other suffering creatures at my side,
 And one poor mother filled my heart with grief.
Her babes were pinched with hunger and half-clad,
 Her home was cold and empty. So I gave
Enough for food and warmth. 'Twas all she had—
 But once she came and would my pardon crave ;
'I pray you think me not too bold,' she said,
 'I spent the half of all that you have given
In holy mass for those sweet children dead ;
 I could not rest till they had hope of heaven.'
Dear Lord, who from our hearts the veil dost lift,
What sayest Thou ? Who brought the richer gift ?

Dies Nefastus

I RAGE at all the world ! All things conspire
To vex and fret me ! Hear that rasping noise !
That blackbird chatter ! Look ! from my open
fire

A cinder leaps and my new coat destroys !
My morning mail is full of vain demands !

I hear a friend has left me in the lurch :
I learn of neighbouring missionary bands
Coming to make me say I'll go to church !
'Tis not enough to wish that I were dead,

I feel like Nero as I snarl and groan,
And wish that humankind had but one head
That I might chop it off and live alone !
The imps of sheol on my spirit prey !
'Tis the thirteenth ! my most unlucky day !

Early Spring

CLOUDLESS the sky ; the first warm sun of spring
Has broken through the chill of winter days ;
The tender twigs give sign of blossoming ;
The distant wood sleeps softly in the haze,
The ants are venturing forth, the bluebirds call
Responsive out of somewhere in the sky ;
The shadows of the trunks and branches fall
O'er the brown leaves that on the hillside lie.
Lo ! something is astir, tho' all unseen,
In every blade and spray ; the boughs are bare,
Yet teem with promise of their coming green
Won by the warm breath of the quiet air.
So let thy life, like this prolific hour,
Teem with the promise of new leaf and flower

The Dream of Youth

THE world is mine ! What prizes doth it hold !
 What golden apples hang upon the tree !
Knowledge and honour, power and wealth untold,
 Beauty and love—and all shall come to me !
A name that shall endure throughout all time—
 Since others have achieved it, why not I ?
And history shall write my deeds sublime,
 And all salute me as I pass them by.
With high and noble purpose and a mind
 Filled to the brim with love of righteousness,
With speech to sway the councils of mankind,
 With deeds to thrill them and a heart to bless,
What glittering hopes upon my pathway shine !
I'll scale the topmost peak ! The world is mine !

A Retrospect

THE dreams of youth were vain, but in their stead
Came better things ; no fame, but household
joy

And wholesome duties ; peace without annoy,
Deep love and constant ; she whom I did wed
Hath never changed. Yet one dark sorrow spread
Its shadow over us and did destroy
A golden hope ; our gentle brown-eyed boy,
His fair-haired sister's guardian, with her fled
To other lands ; and we above the dead,
Who lie together on a hillside green,
Do sometimes stand, our quiet tears to shed,
Remembering the beauty that hath been
And how it passed. Soon in such narrow bed
We too shall lie, beneath the stars serene.

Indian Summer

WHEN I review the landscape of my life
From the calm heights where now I pause and
rest,
All vanished are the storm and wind and strife,
And gone the clouds that floated o'er its breast.
The fields lie warm in sunshine ; a faint haze
Broods o'er the hills beneath the mellow sky ;
The leaves that fluttered down through autumn
days
All crisp and shrivelled on the earth do lie.
Fond hopes were they—these withered dreams of
fame ;
Yet love remains and I am well content—
If but some fragrant memory bless my name
Not all in vain these teeming days were spent.
But soon shall winter come and snow must fall
To hide fair nature's face, and cover all.

De Senectute

THE leaves fall fast, the locks upon my head
 Grow thin and gray. 'Tis winter comes apace.
Soon will the foliage of the woods be dead
 And icy tempests hide fair nature's face.
Yet shall my hearth be bright and shed a glow
 Cheery and warm as if the summer smiled,
While the clear sunshine that my heart doth know
 Shall gleam afresh in youth from age beguiled !
Love, tears and laughter and the hate of wrong—
 Let me still keep them ! And my young desires
I will pursue with dancing feet and song
 Till the last ember on the hearth expires !
Nay, let mine ear grow dull, eye dim, and body
 fail,
Yet o'er the wreck a dauntless heart prevail !

Falling Leaves

THE autumn days are here ; the brown leaves fall
Reluctant, one by one, from bush and tree ;
Friend after friend departs ; I hear a call,
And wonder if the summons is for me.
Not as when once in youth with choking fear
I heard that voice, my hopes all unfulfilled ;
To-day with quiet heart the call I hear
Each vain regret and dark foreboding stilled ;
For I have lived my life, my days are done :
Their clouds and sunshine, joys and sorrows
spent—
Shame of defeat and pride of victory won—
And soon to my long rest I go content,
Whether to wake upon some happier shore
Or sleep without a dream for evermore.

Pallida Mors

YOUNG was I and strong, joyous and full of hope,
How beautiful was the world ! What treasures of
knowledge to be explored !

What dreams of glory and achievement ! What
good to be done to a dull foolish generation !
What visions of a better era when poverty and
vice and wrong should cease !

O to be a leader in the struggle for the emancipa-
tion of mankind !

And the raptures of woman's love ! For kind eyes
smiled on me,

And the voices of the maidens around me were
merry with laughter.

What sunshine on the wings of my fancy ! what
gold on the morning clouds as they opened
before me !

When lo ! a voice at my side ! ' Nay, come with
me,' it whispered.

I turned and behold ! a haggard face and very pale,

With cavernous eyes that were blazing with
desire for me,

And a long skinny hand that struck me on the
breast.

'Who art thou?' I asked, and it replied, 'I am
the White Terror,

Who gathers the young and fair by thousands in
the pride of their youth.'

Then it spoke no more, but walked a little behind
me and silent, at my side,

While the fever and the dull pain in my breast
were there to remind me.

How could a good God send this thing when flowers
and sunshine were around me everywhere?

But the face still peered over my shoulder, and
there was no answer.

The physicians admonished me to flee—to the
mountains—to the dry plains of the west,

And I became a fugitive—wandering to escape
my doom,

But still I heard the patter of bony feet beside
me, and the face was there and the dull pain;

Then I cried and prayed in my agony, but for
a long time all was in vain.

The footsteps followed, followed without ceasing,
then there was a little respite,
And as the years went by they fell behind and at
last I heard them no more.

Now the evening lights are around me and I see
again the face of the destroyer ;
At first it was a little way off, now it draws nearer
and nearer ;
It cannot be very long until I must heed the
summons.
But how its countenance is changed ; pale still,
but calm and with a smile,
It seeks not to clutch me as of old with passionate
eagerness,
But it would win me as a friend and counsel me to
quiet slumber,
And were it not for gentle ones around me who
would fain keep me a little longer,
Its soft voice would almost persuade me to follow
it with joy unto the tomb.
For that thing which is inevitable, what better
time than to-day if all is ripe ?

I am not yet weary of the world—why wait till
the heaviness of age shall overcome me ?
My work is wellnigh done—A little more or less,
what matters it ?
And afterwards—whether it be resurrection or
eternal rest, I shall still be content.

The Bee

A BEE through my half-opened window flies,
And flutters in the sunshine on the pane,
Beating against the glass in efforts vain
His tireless wings, while to escape he tries.
Dull creature ! In their own way bees are wise,
For dwellings trim in swarming towns they
build,
Store honey till their granaries are filled,
And armies, crafts and guilds they organize ;
But on that unfamiliar pane, this bee
Cannot discern the way that he must go,
And marks not close at hand an egress free
To the blue sky and that clear morning glow.
Only th' accustomed pathway can he see,
Only his round of daily duties know.

We deem ourselves far wiser than the bee.

We rear our stately cities ; we explore
The hidden depths of nature ; from her store
We heap, with gems and gold, our treasury ;
We scour the heavens and we roam the sea ;
We fain would reach the stars. How much we
know !

Yet when our feet to other worlds would go,
Threading the mazes of eternity,
In wild and aimless wanderings they try
This way and that ; we beat our wings in vain
Against the glass ; false pathways we descry,
Delusions dull ! We strive again, again
With useless toil to reach the shining sky,
Blind as the bee upon the window pane !

How shall they think of me ?

How shall they think of me when I am gone—
 Those that I love ? With sob and sigh and tear,
 Toiling with bowed heads through the heavy
 year ?

In sackcloth and in ashes shall they groan,
Stifle the songs of birds with cry and moan,
 Banish all joy of life with frown austere,
 And hush the children's laughter in dull fear,
Darkening fair nature to one sombre tone ?
No ! let the laugh ring clear, the jest be gay,
 The song as blithe as ever ; I'll be there
 To dance again that merry roundelay,
 And chase afar the surly brood of care.
Forget me not, but in your work or play
Give me my part, nor deem I am away.

Beyond the Veil

BROTHERS, if in that country where you dwell
Come thoughts of earth and those who linger
here,
Be sure that they whom you have held so dear
Are with you still to-day. No funeral knell
Hath chased away your presence, nor can quell
In faithful hearts the sense that you are near
Which we have kept through many a changing
year—

The love which time nor death can quite dispel.
We almost hear your voices—touch your hands ;
You seem to come once more, and smile and
speak !

Soon to your world we pass, where we must
seek
Your surer guidance through those unknown
lands—

Your welcome, when beyond the silent sea,
We climb the hills that touch eternity.

Non Piangere

WEEP when thy lover's arms are turned to clay,
Or when the breast that nourished thee is chill,
Or curling baby locks are put away,
And bright eyes close and prattling lips are still ;
Mourn for the youth whose hope is crushed in
bloom,
For the sweet maid, by loathsome death defiled,
Or for the bride who trembles at the tomb,
Or the young mother who must leave her child :
But not for me, whose count of days is done,
Whose work is ended and whose pulse is low ;
For I can look upon the setting sun,
And fear no harm, and watch the evening glow
Fade upon field and forest and far hills,
Fair landscape of the past ! and slowly mark
The flickering lights appear, while quiet fills
My soul, that fain would drowse i' the gathering
dark,
And welcome a long slumber, still and deep,
E'en though it were an everlasting sleep.

PERSONALIA

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PERSONALIA

Petrarch

ACROSS the centuries and in every land
His name is honoured still. In that long night
When learning's flame was quenched, it was his
hand
That lit the torch and brought the welcome light.
So says the world, and yet it treasures more
Those songs that tell of frailties like our own—
The fruitless love which many a year he bore,
That grew the brighter when its hope was gone.
The lays wherein his passion was enshrined
Outlast the ages. While from day to day
I read his lines, old age is left behind
And youth returns ; these scattered locks of
grey
Turn brown once more, and solemn wisdom dies
Under the witchery of my lady's eyes.

Oliver Perry Morton

FEW are the spirits so supremely great
That they can turn the tides of destiny
With ruin fraught and drive the waves of fate
To dash on other shores ; yet such was he.
Our state was drifting to the dark abyss
That yawned behind secession ; treason lay
Lurking on every side ; all hearts but his
Faltered in doubt upon that perilous way.
His arm alone our heavy burdens bore
That else had crushed us. Grim adversity
Inspired him. Through that long and bitter war
He held us steadfast unto victory,
While Lincoln gave to freedom its new birth,
And kept the people's rule upon the earth.

Theodore Roosevelt

Lo ! he would lift the burden from the weak,
Kindle with hope the dull eye of despair,
And for the common weal all things would dare,
Scourging the money-changers, smiling, sleek,
Forth from the temple till on him they seek
Impotent vengeance. Slanders must he bear—
Foul imprecations that infect the air—
Lies till the heavy breath of heaven doth reek
With stench of calumny—the assassin's blow,
The mockery of the proud ; the stinging thorn
Of fickle friendship, flattery turned to scorn ;
Yet while the coming years their gifts bestow,
Crowning great names with glory, his shall shine
In the front rank of our illustrious line.

To James Whitcomb Riley

WHEN from tormenting cares I steal away
 To haunt the quiet river-side, to hear
The murmur of the stream, to note the play
 Of quivering foliage mirrored sharp and clear
Upon its tranquil breast, to see the boys
 Plunge in the swimming-hole, to thread the
 lanes
Close-thicketed and share the wanton joys
 Of forest birds, to watch the heavy wains
Creaking and toiling through the shallow ford,
 To mark the cricket's chirp and drone of bee,
Or sit a welcome guest at the farmer's board,
 Hearing quaint talk and rude philosophy,
Riley, thy music comes, a soft refrain,
And blends with all in one harmonious strain.

To the Sonnet

THEE Dante fashioned with celestial art,¹
And bathed thee in the azure air and gold ;
Through thee did Petrarch pour his loving heart
In silver streams that down thy numbers rolled ;
Amid thy measures Shakespeare's soul did shine
When first he bent thy form to our dull tongue ;
And Milton's lyre awoke in strains divine
When to thy chords his tuneful notes he sung ;
And Wordsworth loved thee, and through thee
did pour
His music of the woods and lakes and hills ;
And Riley brought thee to the cottage door
With sound of rustling leaves and trickling rills.
O Sonnet, proud indeed should thy heart be
That thou hast dwelt in such high company.

¹ The first four lines of the above are after Carducci,
Il Sonetto.

AD PATRIAM

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AD PATRIAM

Ad Patriam

HOPE of the world, to whom the hopeless come
In thronging multitudes, and shelter find
In thy protecting arms—whom all men seek
And none avoid ! Even before thy birth
God knew that He would love thee, for He gave
To thee as to none other all His gifts—
Stretched the vast deep around thee as a wall
Fringed with a thousand harbours for thy fleets ;
The two great oceans glittering at thy feet
With cliff and bay and headland and long range
Of shining beach—on thee He hath bestowed
All fruits, all climes, all seasons ; the rude North,
Bending the pines with snow and strengthening
The sinews of thy sons, and the soft South
Where the cane rustles and the summer winds—
Breezes of endless summer—stir the palms

And fan the orange groves. Thou art alone
A world unto thyself ; with mountain, plain—
Innumerable peaks and prairies broad—
And strong swift streams to carry to the sea
From farm and mill, from woodland and from
mine,
The long neglected treasures of the soil.

How many ages did the forest wait
The woodman's axe and the luxuriant grass
Nod on the plains beckoning the husbandman !
Roll back the years, my soul ! bring to mine eyes
The scenes from whence my country's glories
sprang ;
First that small bark, freighted with hearts
content
To brave the sea, famine and wilderness,
But not to palter with their faith and God.
I see the fabric of their infant state
Established ere they reach the barren shores
Whereon to build it ; I follow their stern lives ;
And watch the race through toil and pain grow
strong
Whose seed shall be the leaders of mankind.

And now the clouds descend and hide my dream ;
And when again they break, lo ! thirteen states
Uniting, form a nation ; teach the world
The new strange truth that men are equal all ;
And look ! this fresh child Hercules goes forth
Strangling the Lernean coil of 'right divine',
And hews his way through eight long years of war
Against an empire ! Bitter was the strife,
Slow the deliverance, from Valley Forge
To that last day at Yorktown, when the sword
Passed from Cornwallis' hand, to the great chief
Who is and shall be first in all our hearts !
Calm, true, majestic, constant as the stars,
His is the central figure for all time
In the world's chronicles of liberty !
Around him stand the fathers ; men with minds
In girth and height gigantic, not alone
To fancy's ken, but measured by the line ;
Not merely freedom's tongues, but architects
And builders of a state, elastic, strong,
Fit for the changing needs of coming times,
The fairest work that statecraft ever planned,
Had they but given the dark sons of toil
The rights proclaimed for all. But this one flaw

Weakened the noble structure till it leaned
And tottered to its fall.

For now the mist
Thickens, and when again it breaks, I mark
A great Republic spread from sea to sea
But rent with grievous discord, and mine eyes
Peer shuddering o'er the edge of the abyss
That yawned behind secession, where I see
My country's mangled body, bleeding, torn.
Who shall deliver her ? Behold ! a face
Shines through the gloom, strong, homely, gentle,
sad,
Like the Redeemer's visage, filled with the light
Of one high purpose, that the people's rule
Shall fail not on the earth. The fetters fall !
The re-united nation lifts her head
Above the slaughter of a thousand fields,
Strong, free, erect, her great sin washed away,
While on the brow of her deliverer
God sets the thorny crown of martyrdom !

Once more the vapours drift before mine eyes,
And when they float away, I see a form

Fairest among the nations, with glad face
Lit by the smiles of heaven, on fruitful paths
Of industry outstripping all mankind,
And holding high a torch to light the world.
Lo ! on an island close beside her doors
The stricken ones behold it, and they cry
Craving deliverance. Hark ! the bugles call,
The bright sword glistens, and the vow is made
To put it not away till they are free !
I watch the fleets go forth, and see the gates
Flung open, where in Eastern climes the sun
Brings in the new-born day. Before me lie
The islands where the task is ours to bring
To the brown peoples, out of darkness, light,
And out of chaos, law.

Land of my heart,
What future is before thee ? Shall it be
To lie at ease, content with thy bright past,
Heedless of all the world, till idleness
Relax thy limbs, and swoln with wealth and pride
Shalt thou abandon justice and the poor ?
Or shalt thou, re-awakened, scatter wide
The glorious tidings of a liberty

That lifts the latch of opportunity
First to thy children—then to all mankind ?
Love of my soul—God keep thee strong and pure,
That thou shalt be a fitting messenger
To carry hope to all the sons of men.

The Higher Patriotism

MUST we be welded by the might of kings
In one hard mould to make us strong and
great ?

Or can we do ourselves the heroic things
That crown with power the city and the state ?
In peace as well as war canst thou give all—
Comfort and home, the love in woman's eyes,
High hopes and riches, if thy country call—
Ready and eager for the sacrifice ?
Not only when the bugle sounds, but *now*,
Forget thy self ? Silence thy mutinous soul !
Tho' thorns of martyrdom may press thy brow,
Fail not ! for human welfare is the goal !
The state shall stand, tho' thou thyself must fall,
Or live for freedom's sake, bereft of all !

The City's Crown

WHAT makes a city great ? Huge piles of stone
Heaped heavenward ? Vast multitudes who
dwell
Within wide circling walls ? Palace and throne
And riches past the count of man to tell,
And wide domain ? Nay, these the empty husk !
True glory dwells where glorious deeds are done,
Where great men rise whose names athwart the
dusk
Of misty centuries gleam like the sun !
In Athens, Sparta, Florence, 'twas the soul
That was the city's bright immortal part,
The splendour of the spirit was their goal,
Their jewel, the unconquerable heart !
So may the city that I love be great
Till every stone shall be articulate.

To Womankind

'The morality of submission and the morality of chivalry are past. The time has now come for the morality of justice.'

JOHN STUART MILL.

I. SUBMISSION

UPON thy delicate flesh and dainty form

What fetters man hath bound ! He offered thee
Homage—'twas mastery ! shelter from the
storm—

It was a prison ; Opportunity—
To be his slave and toy ! He made a vow

And called it wedlock, and then wrote the law
That ruled thee with the rod ! He would 'endow
With worldly goods ', yet stripped thee—and he
saw

Thy children torn from thee ; thy duty still
Was meek submission to his sovereign will !

II. CHIVALRY

THY knight hath fought the tourney—won the
prize,

Hath laid it at thy feet on bended knee,

Hath sought the smile of thine approving eyes
And vowed undying love and loyalty.
Beauty still findeth favour in his sight,
Grace doth he show thee as in days of old,
But never justice, and that sovereign right
Whereon all rights depend is still withheld.
Thine but to charm him and his cares beguile—
To win him with a tear or with a smile.

III. JUSTICE

SLOWLY the gates of opportunity
Open at last, and ever more and more
Woman is ruler of her destiny
And shattered many a bond that once she bore.
All shall be broken ! Man shall seek her aid,
Not in the narrow bounds of home alone,
But for the common weal, and wife and maid
Shall speak with voice as potent as his own.
God speed the moment when in every land
All doors shall open to a woman's hand !

The Pawpaw

DEEP in our Hoosier woods a fruit grows wild
That sheds an Orient fragrance faint and rare ;
Perfume of spice from Araby exiled—
Breath of the tropics in an alien air !
Smooth is its seed, dark green and sleek its skin ;
Slender and frail the tree whereon it grows ;
Luscious the melting yellow pulp within,
That ripens till the winter tempest blows.
How comes it here to the rude north,—this soft
Child of the southland—of ambrosial flavour
When first we taste it, but at last, too oft,
It palls the palate with its sickening savour ;
And, like the wine cup or the wanton's smile,
It cloys the sense that it had charmed the while ?

TRANSLATION AND PARAPHRASE

TRANSLATION AND PARAPHRASE

To Amaryllis

To Amaryllis with my song I go,
To woo her, while upon the grassy hill
With Tityrus my she-goats crop their fill:
Good Tityrus, thou'l^t feed them well I know.
Lead them to springs where the cool waters flow,
And of the yellow he-goat have a care,
The Lybian, lest he butt thee unaware.

.

Ah ! lovely Amaryllis, why no more
Turn thy soft eyes as in the days of yore,
Down thy dark cave to me ?
Nay, can it be
Thou hatest me and that I do appear
Snub-nosed, with bristly beard, when I am near ?
O I shall hang myself for love of thee !

I bring thee apples plucked where thou didst say,
And I will bring thee more another day.

Pity my sorrow ! were I but a bee !
That humming-bee that dips beneath the fern
And the dark ivy leaves that shelter thee !
Alas ! with the fierce fire of Love I burn
That bites me to the bone. A stern god he
Whom sure the lioness in his infancy
Did suckle and his mother reared alone
In the deep wildwood. Ah ! thou heart of stone,
So fair to look upon ! Ah ! dark-browed maid,
Embrace thy shepherd true, in this thick shade !
 Give me thy lips to kiss,
For e'en in vain caresses there is bliss.

In fragments small thou soon wilt make me rend
The wreath of ivy that I keep for thee,
Dear Amaryllis, and with rosebuds blend
And sprays of fragrant parsley. Woe is me !
 What anguish do I bear !
Where shall I go ? Thou hearest not my prayer !

I will cast off my coat of skins and leap
Into those briny waves out yonder where
Olpis the fisherman his watch doth keep
For tunny shoals, and there, if I shall die,
Surely thy cruel heart 'twill satisfy !

TRANSLATION AND PARAPHRASE 91

I know my fate. I asked the poppy leaf,
‘Loves she or not?’ and ‘twould not cling nor
stay
Nor give a crackling sound, but to my grief
On my smooth arm it withered fast away.

And Greco, who divineth by the sieve
And with the reapers to the field doth fare,
To bind the sheaves, she said my heart doth live
On love of thee, but that thou hast no care.

Truly the white goat do I keep for thee,
And the twin kids that Mermnon’s daughter too,
The brown-skinned Eirthakis, asks of me—
I’ll give them to her since thou art not true.

Lo! my right eyelid throbs. Is it a sign
I’ll see her? I will lean against this pine
And sing to her. Perchance she’ll look on me;
She is not made of adamant like thee.

Lo! Hippomenes, when he did aspire
To win and wed
A fair and noble maid,

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Took apples in his hand and won the race,
For, plunged in the deep waters of desire,
Fair Atalanta saw, and stayed her pace.¹

The seer Melampus too his herd did lead
From Othrys down to Pylos. For his meed
In Bias' arms the lovely mother lay
Of wise Alphesiboea.² Such a way

¹ The Boeotian Atalanta was the daughter of Schoenus. The Delphic oracle had warned her against marriage and she required every suitor to contend with her in the foot-race. If he won, he was to be rewarded with her hand; if he lost, he was to be put to death. She was the most swift-footed of mortals and had overcome many suitors, but when Hippomenes aspired to her hand, Aphrodite gave him golden apples from the garden of the Hesperides, which he dropped one after another during the contest, and Atalanta stopping to pick them up lost the race. The pair afterwards profaned by their love the temple of Cybele and were metamorphosed into lions and yoked to her chariot.

² Neleus, the son of Tyro and King of Pylos, declared that he would give his beautiful daughter Pero in marriage to the suitor who should bring to him from Othrys in Thessaly the herd of oxen of Phylacus, which had formerly belonged to Tyro. Bias was in love with Pero, and his brother, the seer Melampus, undertook the task. Phylacus gave him the herd as a reward for wise counsel; he brought it to Pylos, whereupon Pero became the wife of Bias and mother of Alphesiboea.

Did young Adonis on the mountains feed
 His flocks, that Cytherea he did lead
 To heights of frenzy, so that, sore distressed,
 Even in death she held him to her breast.

Blest is Endymion in his quiet slumber ! ¹
 And Iasion too, dear maid, for he can number
 Such joys as the profane shall never know.²
 My head doth pain me but thou dost not care ;
 I'll sing no more, but unto death I'll fare.
 Here may the wolves devour me, lying low ;
 Yet sweet to thee
 As honey in the mouth my death shall be.

THEOCRITUS, Idyl iii.

¹ As Endymion slept on Mount Latmus, his beauty warmed the cold heart of Selene (the moon), who came down to him and kissed him and lay by his side.

² Iasion, beloved of Demeter, who lay with him 'in a thrice ploughed field', for which Zeus slew him with the thunderbolt.—*Odyssey*, v. 125.

To Polyphemus.

WITH apples Galatea pelts thy flock,
And says the goatherd is a laggard swain.
Thou heedest not, hard man ! while she doth mock,
But to thy pipe betakest thee again.
And now behold ! the dog that follows thee
To guard thy flock—him she is pelting sore.
Anon he barks and gazes toward the sea,
And the waves show him capering on the shore.
Take heed he leap not on the maiden fair
And rend her flesh when from the brine she
springs.
But look again ! and see her wantoning there
Like thistle-down that the hot summer brings !
When thou dost woo, affrighted will she flee,
But when thou woo'st her not, she follows thee !

THEOCRITUS, Idyl vi.

The Cyclops' Answer

I saw her. She escaped not that dear eye
Wherewith I hope to see to my life's end.
'Twas to torment her that I passed her by,
And that I loved another did pretend ;
That she in pain and jealousy might pine,
Or in her madness leap from out the sea,
Gazing on all those caves and herds of mine
Which she hath lost because she flouted me.
In faith I'm not so hideous as men deem,
For lately when I looked into the blue
(The waves were still) all fair my beard did seem,
And that one eye of mine was comely too—
As I count comeliness—and my teeth were white
As Parian marble glittering in the light !

THEOCRITUS, Idyl vi.

The Song of Boukaios

MUSES, who dwell by the Pierian spring,
 Whate'er ye touch, you make it wholly fair !
 Come then with me ; her praises let us sing—
 A slender maiden, sweet beyond compare.

A gipsy do they call thee, brown and lean,
 Dear Bombyca, and withered by the sun !
 I only know thee truly, and I ween
 'Tis honey-pale thou art, thou gracious one !
 Though dark the hyacinth and violet,
 We choose them first when we our garlands
 twine !
 On Aphrodite's altar would I set
 (If but the wealth of Croesus once were mine),
 All made of gold, the image of us twain—
 Thou with thy flute, an apple or a rose,
 And at thy side thy madly loving swain
 In fair attire, and with Amyclean shoes !
 Like carven ivory are thy shining feet,
 Thy ways past telling, thy voice drowsy sweet !

THEOCRITUS, Idyl x.

*Hymn to Aphrodite*¹

O QUEEN, who lovest Golgi and the steep
 Of Eryx, jutting o'er the glittering deep !
 O Aphrodite, thou who play'st with gold ;
 The dainty footed Hours have come, behold !
 They bring thee back Adonis who had gone
 To the eternal stream of Acheron.
 Of all the immortals tardiest are they,
 But come at last to those who wait and pray,
 And bear with them a gift. And now to thee
 They bring thy love from Death's captivity.
 O Cypris, daughter of Dione fair,
 From mortal to immortal, men declare
 That thou our Berenice² didst transform,
 Dropping ambrosia on her bosom warm.
 Therefore for thy delight it is but meet
 Her daughter Arsinoë, comely, sweet

¹ Sung at a festival given by Ptolemy Philadelphus and Arsinoë, his wife and sister, at Alexandria.

² Wife of Ptolemy Soter, mother of Ptolemy Philadelphus and of Arsinoë.

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As Helen's self, should serve Adonis fair
With sacrifices beautiful and rare.
Before him lie ripe fruits of many a tree
From many a garden's rich fertility.
See the array these silver baskets hold !
That Syrian incense in those cups of gold !
And from the kneading tray the dainty cake
Of whitest wheaten flour that women make
With oil and trickling honey, deftly done
Into the shapes of things that fly and run !
And here are built for him green shady bowers
Thick-laden with the tender anise flowers,
While happy wanton children, breathing love,
Are fluttering through the foliage above,
And the young nightingales with trembling fly
From bough to bough their tender wings to
try.

O gold and ebony and eagles twain ¹
Of whitest ivory that bear a main
Unto the son of Kronos, like a steed,
The darling of great Zeus, fair Ganymede !

¹ A variation of the myth which represents Zeus as carrying Ganymede to heaven upon a single eagle, to be his cupbearer.

O purple coverlet, more soft than sleep !
Two couches are there—one doth Cypris keep ;
One, rosy-armed Adonis, fair to see—
A bridegroom still in early youth is he,
With kisses soft and lips with down of gold.
See Cypris now her lover's arms enfold !
Good-night to them ! But when the night is
through,
We all will gather with the morning dew,
And to the waves upon the beach repair,
And thither sweet Adonis will we bear ;
Ungirt, with breasts unclad, and tresses free,
We will begin our shrill sweet melody.

HYMN TO ADONIS

Thou only, dear Adonis, so men tell,
Dost visit both the world and Acheron's
stream ;
Never such lot to Agamemnon fell
Nor mighty Ajax in his wrath supreme,
Nor Hector, eldest born of twenty sons
Of Hecuba, nor dear Patroclus slain,
Nor Pyrrhus who returned (the legend runs)
From out of Troyland with the Grecian train—

100 TRANSLATION AND PARAPHRASE

Nor yet the heroes of more ancient days,
The Lapithae, or chiefs of Argos old,
Deucalion's sons, or Pelops' fatal race.
Of none of these is such a story told.
Adonis, when thou comest, thou art dear,
And ever shalt be—Bless the coming year !

THEOCRITUS, Idyl xv.

UNIV. OF
TRANSLATION AND PARAPHRASE

The Tutor of Love

GREAT Cypris came to me while still I slept,
And the boy Love in her fair arms did bring ;
His head was bowed to earth as if he wept ;
She said, ‘Dear herdsman, teach him how to
sing.’

Then she departed, and to Love I taught,
In innocence, my store of pastoral songs,
Told how Athene wise the flute had brought,
How to Apollo sweet the harp belongs.

These things I told him, yet he heeded not,
But sang himself full many an amorous lay,
Till all the lore I taught him I forgot,
But what he sang, I hear it still to-day !

BION, Idyl v.

The Portrait

MASTER of the Rhodian art,
Best of painters true and tried,
Come paint for me the mistress of my heart,
For she, alas ! is absent from my side.

Paint me first her rippling hair,
Black, yet very soft and fair,
Till I see the tresses stir,
And feel their breath of fragrant myrrh.
Beneath her dark locks draw for me
Her perfect cheeks and brow of ivory ;
And be sure thou keep the grace
(Not broad nor narrow) of the space
Above her arching eyebrows where they meet.
Paint, if thou canst, her sweet
Alluring glance of hidden fire,
And melting with the heart's desire
Like Cytherea's, yet from eyes as blue
As those of fair Athene, clear and true.

Then mingle with the snows
Upon her cheek the colour of the rose,
And see thou do not paint amiss
Those soft persuasive lips that sue for many a kiss,
While round the throat of marble that doth lie
Beneath her delicate chin, the Graces fly !

And last of all, I pray,
Clothe her in fair array—
In a thin robe of purple hue ;
A little let the flesh show through,
So that I may descry
Her body sweet beneath the drapery.

Now it is done ; and look ! herself I see,
And soon that image fair shall talk with me !

ANACREON, Ode 15.

Dante on Beatrice

My lady beareth love within her eyes
Which doth ennable all it doth behold ;
Men look, and whom she greets in gracious wise
A trembling reverence doth his heart enfold ;
And each with lowered visage growtheth pale,
And at his own shortcomings doth he sigh.
Before her face both pride and anger fail—
Women give aid to sound her praises high !
Every sweet thing and humble thought the while
Stirs in his heart who hears her accents kind,
And he who once hath seen her—blest is he !
And how she looks when she begins to smile
Cannot be spoken nor be held in mind,
Such a strange gentle miracle is she.

Vita Nuova, xxi.

Petrarch

MASTER FRANCESCO, I have come to thee
 And to thy friend, that gentle, fair-haired dame;
 To calm my angry spirit and set free
 My grim soul by sweet Sorga's crystal stream.
 Look ! shade and rest I find beneath this tree !
 I sit, and to the lonely shore I call ;
 Thou comest, and a choir encircles thee
 Who greet me with a friendly welcome all.
 And that sweet choir—they are those songs of
 thine,
 Down whose fair sides their golden tresses fall—
 Escaping from the rose-wreaths that entwine
 Their gathered folds, in ringlets prodigal ;
 And one doth shake her locks, and the rebel cry
 Breaks from her tuneful lips, ‘ Rome ! Italy ! ’

From the Italian of Carducci.

Before San Guido

THE tall and slender cypresses that from San
Guido go,
Lining the road to Bolgheri in a long, straight,
double row,
Like youthful giants in a race, seen clear across
the skies,
Nodded in friendly greeting as they flashed before
mine eyes.

They knew me well and whispered, with their
tall heads bending low :
' Return to thy old home again, no farther need'st
thou go.
Why wilt thou not come down to us ? Why wilt
thou never stay ?
The evening air is fresh and cool, and thou knowest
well the way.

' Abide thou here and sit thee down within our
fragrant shade

Where the cool breezes from the sea so oft with
thee have played.

We bear no grudge against thee for the stones
that thou didst throw,

They did not harm us in the least ; and that was
long ago !

' Those precious nests of nightingales, we keep
them still to-day ;

Ah ! wherefore wilt thou pass us by and fly so
swift away ?

Remain with us for evermore ! The sparrows
still at eve

In circles round our lofty heads their courses
interweave.'

' Fair little cypresses of mine ! Ye faithful
friends and true,

Friends of a better, happier time that I would
fain renew '

(I looked upon them as I spoke) ; ' could I my wish
fulfil,

With what a light and joyful heart I'd linger with
you still.

108 TRANSLATION AND PARAPHRASE

‘But yet, my little cypresses, you needs must let
me go ;
For this is not the merry time that once we used
to know ;
If you could only understand ! ’Tis not for me
to say,
But really I have become a famous man to-day !

‘For I have studied and can read both Greek and
Latin too ;
I write and write, and there are many other things
I do.
O cypresses, I’m not a naughty urchin any
more,
And stones I throw no longer as I used to do of
yore—

‘At least not at the plants ! ’ And now a quiet
murmur swept
Round the hesitating tree-tops as their evening
watch they kept ;
And piercing through their depths of green, the
waning day the while
Beamed rosy red upon me with a kind and loving
smile.

And then full well I knew that both the cypresses
and sun

Had a tender, gentle pity for poor me, the
wandering one ;

And soon the murmur turned to words, its meaning
to impart—

‘ O yes ! full well we know it all, a wretched man
thou art !

‘ Full well we know it, for to us the wind has told
the tale—

The wind that bears the sighs of men upon its
sorrowing gale—

How in thy breast eternally those maddening
conflicts rage

Which thou hast neither wit nor power to stifle
nor assuage.

‘ To us and to these oak-trees here thou freely
mayst reveal

The sadness that oppresses thee, the grief thy
heart doth feel.

O look ! how calm and peaceful, how clear and
blue the sea !

And how upon its quiet breast the sun sinks
lovingly !

110 TRANSLATION AND PARAPHRASE

' See how the flight of many birds hath filled the sunset sky !

How merry is the chatter as the sparrows flutter by !

To-night, the nightingales in song their brimming hearts shall pour.

O stay with us, nor still pursue thine idle phantoms more !

' Those phantoms vain and bootless that across thy fancy start

By impious thoughts are driven from the caverns of thy heart,

As at night unto the wayfarer the putrid flames will rise

From charnel-houses foul and dank and flash before his eyes.

' Stay with us, and to-morrow, when the noonday heat has come,

And in the shade of mighty oaks the steeds are standing dumb,

While round about and far and near, on high and everywhere

Over the burning, quivering plain, a silence fills the air,

TRANSLATION AND PARAPHRASE III

' We cypresses will sing to thee in chorus full and high

The songs that hover ever between the earth and sky ;

And from these elm-trees there shall come the nymphs and dryads fair

To fan for thee with their white veils the sultry summer air.

' And Pan the eternal, who is wont upon this hour of day

On barren heights and o'er the plains to take his lonely way—

He shall transform the stifling cares that round thy spirits twine—

Poor helpless mortal that thou art—to harmonies divine ! '

' Beyond the Apennines ', I said, ' is a home to which I fare,

Where a little child awaiteth me who needs her father's care.

Titti is like a sparrow, but no feathered gown hath she

To keep her warm in winter days, so you must leave me free.

' And something else the child must eat than
cypress berries hard,
And I have not the fortune of a smug Manzonian
bard
Who draws four times the recompense his verses
ought to gain—
So farewell, cypresses ! Farewell, my sweet and
fertile plain ! '

And they answered as we parted, ' Dost thou not
remember still
That thy grandam lieth buried in the graveyard
on the hill ? '
And while they vanished from my sight they
seemed a black array
Grumbling that I had scorned them as they fled
in haste away.

And now from out that graveyard at the summit
of the hill,
Down the green lines of cypress which I saw in
fancy still,
Tall, and arrayed in sable gown, appeared that
ancient dame,
My grandmother Lucia, and with stately step
she came.

And from her gracious lips, beneath her white
and waving hair,
Harmonious flowed the Tuscan speech in accents
soft and rare,
Filled with the power and sweetness the Versilia
doth impart
To the tongues of all her children ; how it lingers
in my heart !

' Grandmother mine, how fair it was, the tale you
used to tell
When I was but a little child—Ah ! I remember
well !
Tell it again to this wise man ! I'd hear it still
to-day,
The tale of her who sought in vain the love that
fled away.'

' *I've worn out seven pairs of shoes made all of iron
and strong,*
*And seven staffs my feet to stay upon my journey
long ;*
*And seven flasks of tears I've filled, through seven
weary years,*
*Yet here you sleep and will not wake for all my cries
and tears.*'

' Grandmother mine, your verses yet seem beautiful and true,
And the lost love that all in vain my heart doth
still pursue
Both morn and eve and day and night through
many a weary year,
Perchance if I but knew it well, is close beside me
here,

' Under these swaying cypresses that wooed me
all in vain,
Within whose shade I never hope to rest my head
again.
Grandmother mine, perhaps it sleeps in your
graveyard there above,
Among those other cypresses—that cherished,
vanished love ! '

And now with many a puff and snort the engine
steams away,
While in these idle reveries my wandering fancies
stray ;
And look ! a graceful flock of colts, like a troop
of laughing boys,
Caper and bound across the field, and whinny
at the noise !

But an old grey ass stands cropping a thistle red
and blue,
And not a whit disturbeth him this mighty din
and hue ;
He will not deign to lift his eyes for the clatter
and the roar,
But slowly and sedately keeps on browsing as
before.

From the Italian of Carducci.

King Chand to the Daughter of Mitra.

WHEN the crisp breeze doth pluck thy mantle's wings,

And chides them that they hide a form divine,
And presses thy soft gown until it clings

To thy lithe limbs and bosom's rounded line,
And lifts its hem from off thy shining feet,

And strokes thy hair and rumples every tress,
And fans thy cheeks flushed with the summer's heat,

And kisses thy red lips in wantonness ;
Longing I gaze and wish that I were he,

That I might touch thee with a hand so bold,
And leaping from the valley swift and free,

Thy gracious body in mine arms enfold.
But I stand shamefaced, for I would not dare
Caress thee like that all-embracing air.

From 'A Mine of Faults'.

Belovèd of my Heart

BELOVÈD of my heart ! It is thy love—
I know it well—kindling the golden light
That dances on the leaves, or far above
Soaring in opal clouds with fringes bright
That idly drift across the morning sky.
'Tis nothing but thy love—I feel it now—
That stirs the breezes which go softly by,
Leaving their coolness on my burning brow !
These blessed morning rays that come from thee,
Flooding my soul—they are thy message, dear,
To my poor heart. Thy face bends over me,
Thine eyes look down on mine and seem so near,
That with a bound my soul leaps forth to greet
Thy presence and to touch thy shining feet !

RABINDRANATH TAGORE, *Gitanjali* 59.

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